(Mock not thy affect, the vntraded earth)
Your *quandom* wife sweares still by *Venus* gloue,
Shees well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, shee's a deadly theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I haue thou gallant Troyan seene thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruell way,
Through rankes of Greekish youth, and I haue seene thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrigian steed,
Despising many forfaits and subdu.ments,
When thou hast hung th'aduanced sword ith'ayre,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I haue said to some my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder dealing like.
And I haue seene thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue shrupd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This haue I seene,
But this thy countenance still lockt in steele,
I neuer saw till now: I knew thy grand-sire,
And once fought with him, he was a soldier good,
But by great *Mars* the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee: O let an old man embrace thee,
And worthy warriour welcome to our tents.
Æne. Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walkt hand in hand with time,
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.
Nest. I would my armes could match thee in contention.
Hect. I would they could. (row.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard Ide fight with thee to mor-
Well, welcome, welcome, I haue seene the time.
Vlis. I wonder now how yonder Citty stands,
When we haue here her base and piller by vs?
Hect. I know your fauour lord *Vlisses* well,
Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since first I saw your selfe and *Diomed*,
In Illion on your Greekish embassie.
Vlis. Sir I foretold you then what would ensue,

My

My prophecie is but halfe his iourney yet,
For yonder walls that pertly front your towne,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,
Must kisse their owne feete.
Hect. I must not beleeue you.
There they stand yet, and modestly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrigian stone will cost,
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common arbitrator Time, will one day end it
Vlis. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle and most valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee lord *Vlisses* thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee, (by ioint
I haue with exact view perus'de thee *Hector*, & quoted ioyn
Hect. Is this *Achilles?* *Achil.* I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I pray thee, let me looke on thee,
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art too briefe, I will the second time,
As I would buie thee, view thee limb by limb,
Hect. O like a booke of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But ther's more in me then thou vnderstandst,
Why doost thou so oppresse me with thine eye.
Achil. Tell me you heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him: whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hectors great spirit flew: answer me heauens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand againe,
Thinkst thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead.
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me so,
Ide not beleeue thee. Hence-forth gard thee well,